

Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

London, January 23d, 1864.

I had so little to say last week that I delayed my letter in hope that something new would supervene. There was the birth of a prince to rejoice over; but I should hesitate to attempt prose or poetry on that subject, since I doubt not you will have more than enough of it through other sources. The pleasure created by this happy event, and the heartfelt thanks to God which it has evoked, Americans will feel it difficult to understand. Here, however, such an event is looked upon as auspicious—promising peace and the continuance of a dynasty. Besides, it is wonderful how the homeliness of Queen Victoria's Court, and the frank courtesy of the royal family have given them a personal interest and affection in the heart of every subject. The public seemed to feel that the event was a sort of national family matter, and hence the demand and supply of that minutest information regarding the circumstances which, I dare say, in America, will be read with some astonishment and perhaps reprehension. Privacy is not an accident of royalty; but I must say that some of the particulars have gone beyond the borders of propriety.

We have all been kept on the qui vive by the Danco-German quarrel. Europe is now a body corporate, with arteries and veins in the shape of telegraphic wires, and a spasmodic throb in any part is at once sensitive to the whole. Just as in America, you are hourly watching for some critical information, we have been, for the last eight and forty hours, hovering 'twixt hope and fear, and not knowing whether the next telegram might not tell us that the peace of Europe is unsealed. It is said that immediate hostilities are staved off. I have been unable to meet a man in England, who professed to know the Schleswig-Holstein question thoroughly, and perhaps in America it may excite little interest. Yet upon it, in the opinion of many, transcendent interests are now hanging. With Austrian and Prussian troops, watching Danish garrisons across a river, one feels that it is only the toss of a die for war. Denmark has, however, it is asserted, consented to withdraw the obnoxious Constitution annexed to Schleswig, which was the only pretence for the Germans crossing the Eider, and if they do so now they break the Treaty of London and offer to France and England a casus belli.

One thing deserves to be noted at this time, and that is the remarkable tendency of European nations to peace: the great strides which this policy has made within the last few years, and the strong influence brought to bear by neutral governments upon threatening belligerents. This can be attributed but to one thing—the continued expansion of Christian spirit—continued, though against many obstacles within and without Christ's visible Church, and the exceedingly tender apprehension of the consequences of war which civilization and luxury, and international comity engender. We see already in these indications—faint though they be—the earnest of the prophetic vision of that time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

Mr. Renan's book was too much for even the English Scripture-liberals to swallow. The majesty and glory of Christ's character, have taken I am glad to say, too great a hold on the English heart to be eradicated by the blasphemous brilliancies of a philosophic Frenchman; and from most unexpected quarters there come crushing replies. Mr. MAURICE, the prominent Church-liberal, has appeared in the lists on the right side this time, but even here he contrives to hit both ways.

What will our men of letters say to the book? I must think that those of them who are real artists, who are able to conceive a character or to exhibit one, will discover in Mr. Renan's hero a most incoherent jumble of qualities which never could co-exist, which never could form a real man at all, to say nothing of an "incomparable" man. If, for instance, I might venture to speak of one remarkable artist, from whom I have learnt the deepest lessons, the authoress of "Silas Marner" and "Romola." I think she must recognize in this portrait the strangest combination of strength and feebleness, of reality and unreality; such a combination as might be produced if her own Adam Bede and Tito were thrown into the same cauldron, and a monstrous tertium quid arose out of the mixture. But remembering how skillfully Mr. Renan has played with the words "idealist," "realist," "democrat," with those forms of speech which most commend themselves to the tastes and habits of literary men in our day; still more, when I think—oh, with what shame and humiliation—of the unreal form, neither Divine nor human, but with a certain dream of divinity to make the human unapproachable, with a certain dream of humanity to make the Divine accessible, not awful, which we have continually set before the minds of our countrymen, and invested with the sacred name of the Son of Man and the Son of God—I cannot determine how much acceptance may be given by the class which he understands, and which we have alienated, to a caricature, perhaps not more distorted than many of those which we have drawn.

What does Mr. Maurice mean by the expressions I have italicized? Clearly this is a slap at evangelicalism—and means that the general ideal of the Son of

Man, which staunch believers entertain, is not, in Mr. Maurice's view, a worthy and proper one. My own belief is, that three-fourths of those uneducated Methodists—uneducated save in Divine wisdom—at whom Maurice and his class would sneer, have a clearer and truer view of Christ's character, than any philosophic spectacles could give them. What is this high ideal, only discoverable and comprehensible by these superior intelligences: and wherein would consist the simplicity of salvation, if the knowledge of the character of Christ were esoteric? Such dark, vague hints as those of Mr. Maurice, of some error in the view of the Great Example, are characteristic of his school. Instilling the poison of doubt, and supplying no alleviating antidote!

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

I am very glad to see the report, which came to me from a private source, of dissensions in the Union Committee, contradicted by a Northern paper, with the additional statement that "the last meeting is understood to have happily ended in complete harmony both as to sentiment and language, and the prospects of ultimate union were never more hopeful than now."

A meeting was held on Monday evening, at Regent Square Church, Dr. HAMILTON's, at which an essay on Presbyterian Union was read, followed by a most pleasing and fraternal discussion, engaged in by Dr. Hamilton, the Revs. Mr. Redpath, (United Presbyterian,) Davidson, (English Presbyterian,) Dr. Jenkins, formerly of Philadelphia, and others. The spirit was admirable, and every one felt it good to be there. The line taken by the essayist was in the direction of English Presbyterian Union, if the larger British Union could not be accomplished. This was thoroughly approved by members of both communions then present. Dr. Levi, the distinguished professor in King's College, a converted Jew, and an elder in Dr. Hamilton's Church, gave some interesting financial and other statistics which disabused many minds of apprehensions regarding the financial difficulties of union. It appears that the English Presbyterians have 101 charges, the United Presbyterians in England, 91: together having 56,000 attendants, and 37,000 communicants. Such a united body in England would have power, and be settled on a sure basis; and certainly there never was a time when England had so great a need of it.

You will be glad to hear that at the meeting of the London Presbytery of the English Presbyterian Church last week, Dr. JENKINS was cordially and unanimously received, and a committee was appointed to carry the matter of his admission through at the Synod. ADDELPHOS.

SKETCH OF REV. ALEX. M'CAUL, OF ENGLAND.

A LIVING AND A DYING TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH.

In the list of contributors to the volume, published some time since, entitled "Aids to Faith," and designed to correct the erroneous teachings propounded in that notorious compend of English neology known as "Essays and Reviews," was the name of Rev. Alexander McCaul, D. D., Professor in King's College, London. The English Church could boast few names more worthy of the highest honor and respect. He combined with thorough scholarship, a warm evangelical spirit, and an unwavering attachment to the great doctrines of the Christian system. His recent death, in the midst of a career of extended and varied usefulness, has sent sadness into every circle, where his fame and merits were known. But the closing scenes of his life only set the seal of his dying testimony to the great truths which he had learned to prize and was fearless to defend.

At the very time when Henry Martyn, dying by inches in India, was about to start on his journey to England, only to find a Persian grave, young McCaul had just taken his first degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and had begun to question whether he should not also become a missionary. Like Henry Martyn, he had some reason to cherish a scholar's pride. Even in his vacations he was a close student. With only Sabbath intermissions, from month to month, he studied sixteen hours a day. Thus he pored over the classics with an application that outvied Hayden's enthusiasm over the Elgin marbles. There was not a beauty or a gem of the old Greek or Roman authors but he searched it out, and, with his tenacious memory, could not only tell where it was found, but could repeat it, even till his dying day. In mathematical and astronomical science he was also eminent; and, while reading for a scholarship, became tutor to the present distinguished astronomer and nobleman, the Earl of Rosse.

But, like Henry Martyn, he was ready to surrender his pride of learning at the call of duty. The ambition of high scholarship was sacrificed that he, too, might become a missionary, and glory only in

the cross of Christ. He became interested in the work of the London Society for Missions to the Jews, and prepared himself to labor under their patronage. Surmounting all his academical prospects, he set out, at the age of twenty-two, as a missionary to the Jews in Poland. To the mastery of the German and Hebrew languages, he devoted himself with untiring assiduity, and soon attained high rank as one of the finest Hebraist scholars in Europe. For eight years—ill just before the breaking out of the Polish revolution—he preached Christ to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Crowds gathered to listen while, with burning zeal and fervid eloquence, he set forth the truths of the Gospel. By himself and his associates, thousands of Bibles and tracts were distributed. No difficulties could discourage, no hardships appal him. Few foreign or frontier missionaries are called to endure what he cheerfully bore. Often he was forced, on his journeys, to sleep in the stables, his wicker basket of provisions answering for a pillow. Sometimes his only food was potatoes, which he had to cook himself.

Lingering awhile in the capital of Prussia, he became intimate with those noble men, Pastors Gossner, and Von Gerach, who, in steadfast faith, braved the martyrdom of ridicule and contempt to which adherence to the Gospel exposed them. The Crown Prince (Frederick William IV.) became acquainted with the Englishman, often attended his preaching, and, when, ten years later, the Bishopric of Jerusalem was founded, named him as the first incumbent.

But already Dr. McCaul was engaged in a field of usefulness which he did not feel at liberty to leave. Among the Jews of London he labored, with encouraging success, till elected to the Professorship of Hebrew and Rabbinical Literature in King's College. This post he filled till 1846, when he accepted the charge of the Professorship of Divinity then recently founded. Combining the duties of this sphere with pastoral labors, and declining the honors of foreign Episcopates which were offered him, he continued, to the last, the faithful champion of Gospel truth and the toil-worn laborer in the cause of Christ.

His closing hours were the fitting sequel to such a life. He had opposed the errors of the time, in which he saw the vital truths of revelation assailed; and those truths which he loved were his own consolation and support in the trying hour. Three days before his death, he was informed of the certain issue of his disease. He received the announcement with admirable composure and even cheerfulness. He declared his abounding comfort in the two following texts, (2 Cor. 5:19.) "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them;" and (Luke 15:20.) "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." "Upon these two texts," said he, "I take my stand;" adding, "Nothing now remains but to endeavor to fall asleep, as peacefully as possible, in Jesus."

Forceful as the logic of argument may be, that of a faith which thus, in the valley of the shadow of death, grasps the rod and staff of Jehovah, is still more convincing. The mightiest intellect, with all the resources of learning at its command, finds no rest or support except in reliance upon the same grace upon which the lowliest and humblest reposes his trust. How much of the very marrow of the Gospel is embodied in the two texts which, on his death bed, ministered to Dr. McCaul "abounding comfort." The love and compulsion of God are portrayed in the one, and the method of mercy is set forth in the other. How poor and meagre, by the side of these, is all neological speculation, all the refinements, and distinctions, and criticisms of the "Essays and Reviews!"

The name of Dr. McCaul only adds another to the already long and noble list of those who, rich in human lore, have left their dying testimony to the preciousness and the sustaining power of the Gospel of Christ. "I have taken much pains," said the learned Selden, "to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but, with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me, to comfort me at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' to this I cleave, and herein I find rest." Such is the record of men whose scholarship adorned their piety, and whose piety sanctified their scholarship. Labored refutations of modern neology become tame by the side of it. The death bed of Christian triumph is more eloquent than any human pen. The essay of Dr. McCaul is unquestionably learned as well as able, but the common mind will be more deeply impressed by the fact that the faith he defended was the faith that, in the dying hour, could minister to him "abounding comfort."

TYRANTS not fearing God are constrained to fear their own subjects.—Beza.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG SOLDIER.

FROM A SERMON TO THE YOUNG BY REV. W. STERLING.

You will now expect me, my young friends, to say something of one of your own number, a youth of great promise and much beloved by you all, the news of whose death in a Richmond prison has so recently reached us. He was amiable, intelligent, and pious. He had wisely sought God early; and hence we mourn for him not as those who have no hope.

William L. Vorhees was born in March, 1844; and was, therefore, only in his 20th year at the time of his decease. Most of you have known him from early life as an active, sprightly youth, attentive to his duties, interested in the Sabbath-School, and one of the original members of the Juvenile Temperance Society, of which he was elected Secretary.

In his 16th year he was hopefully converted to God; and, soon after, united with the Presbyterian Church of Hammondsport, N. Y., of which his father is pastor. Returning to this place, his walk, so far as I know, was such as becometh the gospel of Christ.

In September, 1861, he gave himself to his country, declaring to his uncle: "I look upon it as my duty, and I wish to fulfil it." Under this deep sense of duty, he enlisted in the 8th Penna. Cavalry. But he had not been long in the service before his intelligence and good conduct attracted attention, and he was honored with a situation in the Signal Corps; and he was then transferred to the Department of the West.

I am unable to trace him in his after career. I know simply that he continued to the last in active service, and that he passed through many hard-fought and bloody battles, and through many scenes of trial, privation, and suffering with unflinching devotion. He was attached to the body-guard of General Rosecrans at the battle of Chickamauga, on the 20th of September last. During the battle he was seen to fall from his horse, wounded. But he remounted; and, being made a prisoner, was sent to Richmond, where he languished in prison till starvation and neglect had accomplished their work.

On the 6th of November he wrote a note to his father, by a released prisoner, in which he says:—"Don't be uneasy about me, my dear father; I have strength enough to hold out a good while yet." This was his last message. He survived only twenty-four days after writing it. The papers, a few days ago, announced that he died of the 30th of November.

Of his late days nothing is known, and probably never will be known, unless some of his fellow-sufferers should survive to tell the tale. He is one of the noble martyrs who have given up their lives in the cause of liberty, and whose names history will not willingly let die.

"Another precious offering,
To self-devotion made;
Another bleeding sacrifice,
On Freedom's altar laid;
Another warrior at rest,
Where conflict is unknown;
Another martyr 'mid the host,
Before the eternal throne.

By nature earnest, kind and true;
By faith to heaven allied;
A Christian patriot he lived,
A Christian hero died!
And in the record of the brave,
Which Freedom gives to Fame,
Beloved through all succeeding time,
Shall be his youthful name."

Yes, we bless God for the thought that this noble youth was a Christian, as well as a hero; a soldier of the cross, as well as a soldier of freedom. He had sought God early. He had professed the name of Christ. He had united himself with the church, and obeyed the dying command of his Redeemer. And the Redeemer would not suffer him to die alone and forsaken.

He died young,—a victim to the murderous cruelty of traitors. But though no kind parent, or sister, or friend was there to soothe his dying moments, or follow him to the grave; though he was buried by hostile and bloody hands; and though the place of his sepulchre should never be known, still it matters little. He has gone, I trust, to a world of glory, where a sure reward awaited him, and a crown of life adorns his brow that will not fade.

For, the life that he has given for his country, he first gave to his Saviour. The loyalty he showed to his government, he first showed towards the government of God. The ardour with which he rushed forward to crush out treason in the State, he had first exerted to crush out all treason against God in his own heart, and all reluctance to prayer and piety. All honor to the youthful Christian hero who has thus early finished his course and gained the victory through Jesus Christ his Saviour!

My young friends, emulate the virtues that you discover in the character of your deceased friend. Like him, seek God early, and consecrate yourselves to His service. Like him, take up the cross and

follow Christ now while you are young. And then, whether like him, you die in the morning of life, or whether you survive for many years, you will not have lived in vain, and your death will be gain.

OBJECTIONS TO THE CHAPLAINCY TO CONGRESS ANSWERED.

[Extract from Rev. Dr. Sunderland's Sermon in the Representatives Hall, Jan. 31st.]

1st. It is unconstitutional. The voice and practice of the fathers refute this charge. The Constitution does not forbid the creation of the office of chaplain with a salary by law of Congress; nor does it forbid the appropriation of money to support a decent observance of the public worship of God in the capitol. Congress spends thousands of dollars in other ways, not half so much calculated to promote the public welfare and virtue of the people, and they have a right under the Constitution, if they choose, not only to employ a chaplain or chaplains to conduct daily prayers and services of public worship here on the Sabbath, but also to devote money from the public treasury to provide a choir, to purchase an organ, and to do all other acts and things necessary to the fullest perfection of the divine service. It will not do for any one to undertake to convince me that all this is unconstitutional. It is a scandal on the Constitution—a reproach to the memory of our fathers—an insult to religion, and impiety toward God. The Catholic Evangelical Church of Christ, of this day, in all denominations, will not tolerate such a sentiment, such a satire on the great organic law of a free Christian people. The constitution is not at war with the law of God in this particular; and if it were conclusively shown to be, I should go for the higher law of God, and go for conforming the Constitution to that higher law. We have had enough of sneering at this higher law of God in the land for the last fifteen years. This is one of the iniquities that has brought at last the thunders of this judgment upon us.

2. "But this would be forming and establishing a union of Church and State." Not by any means. I am as much opposed to such a union as any man, and would contend as strongly against it. When our fathers, by the Constitution, deprived Congress of the power to establish religion by law, they did not intend to make us an infidel nation, nor our government an impious, God-forsaken iniquity. They meant not to divorce religion wholly from the existence and life of the Republic, but only to prevent the union of any Church establishment with the State, in such a way as to bind the conscience and burden the coffers of the people with either the creed or taxes of any ecclesiastical institution.

Nobody finds fault with the employment of government physicians and surgeons; and yet there is just as much reason, on this ground, for the complaint of a union of therapeutics and the State. What is meant by a State Church, is such as exists in England, where immense sums are appropriated and large prerogatives exclusively granted to a single church establishment, at the expense of all others, and this in perpetuity. No such policy has existed under our Constitution, and I trust it never may. But it is a very different thing for Congress to provide for the public recognition and worship of God in its own halls, leaving all men free to act upon their conscience as to their attendance upon the same, responsible to God for the manner in which these obligations are discharged.

3. "It is no place for religious services." Ah, and whose opinion is this? Jesus Christ instructs us that the day is gone by when the worship of God shall be confined to any one locality exclusive of another. When men shall worship the Father neither alone at Jerusalem, nor in the mountains of Samaria, but every where men shall worship Him in the spirit. The temple, the synagogue, the academy, the market-place, the forum, the theatre, the areopagus as well as the Christian sanctuary, have all been used for this high purpose. Nay, the deserts, and caves, and fastnesses of the mountains, and vast solitudes of nature—the wide forest, the open sea—under the broad sky in the light of day—in the shadows of midnight, the camp, the caravanserai the hospital, the asylum, the college, the seminary, the halls of justice, have been made the temples of the public worship of the Almighty. And never will it do to say that here, in the high conclave of the nation, there is no place for the pure spiritual worship of the only living and true God. It is the thought of the infidel, it is the word of the profane. I am well aware of the opinion of multitudes in this land in regard to the whole subject of Christianity, its laws, its requirements, its ministry, and especially in regard to those who represent it, as chaplains whether here or in the army or the navy. I know they look with contempt upon the whole arrangement. They treat the whole matter as though it were but the cant of superstition, or the bigotry of ignorance—they look upon chaplains as beggars,

and upon God as a myth, and upon his worship as a mummery. They think it superlatively magnanimous even to tolerate all this. They think, and feel, and act as if Christianity had no right to be here in the world, and its ministers ought to be apologizing to every man they met for the fault of pursuing their profession. But those who have such ideas are not the wise and virtuous of the land. They are the impious and corrupt; they want no restraint on their lusts and passions; they would have no reproof of their vices; they desire full scope for their briberies; their dishonesties, their foul and pestilent iniquities. Such men would no doubt be glad to see God himself dethroned, his law abolished, this government destroyed, and every vestige of his authority swept away, in order that they might run unimpeded into any excess of riot.

4. But the office of chaplain is liable to abuse, both in the manner of seeking it, and in the character of its incumbent. I know it is alleged, and with some foundation of truth I fear, that unworthy men have disgraced the profession, not only here but in the army and navy. But the true remedy is not the destruction of the office. Would you abolish Congress because some members of congress disgrace their station? I deplore as deeply as any man the delinquencies of men assuming the sacred office only to make it the means of pandering to their own selfishness or corruption. I denounce it here and I denounce it everywhere, but let us not tear down the house over our heads because some thief or other has stolen into it to rifle it of its contents.

5. But the services of chaplains are a bore to congress. I am glad no record shows, so far as I have seen, that any member of Congress said such a thing as that. It was said by some scribbler for a newspaper. It comes with an ill-grace from a class of individuals who get their living by writing messes of refuse stuff for the daily press—which is not only a bore, but absolute poison to the nation.

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